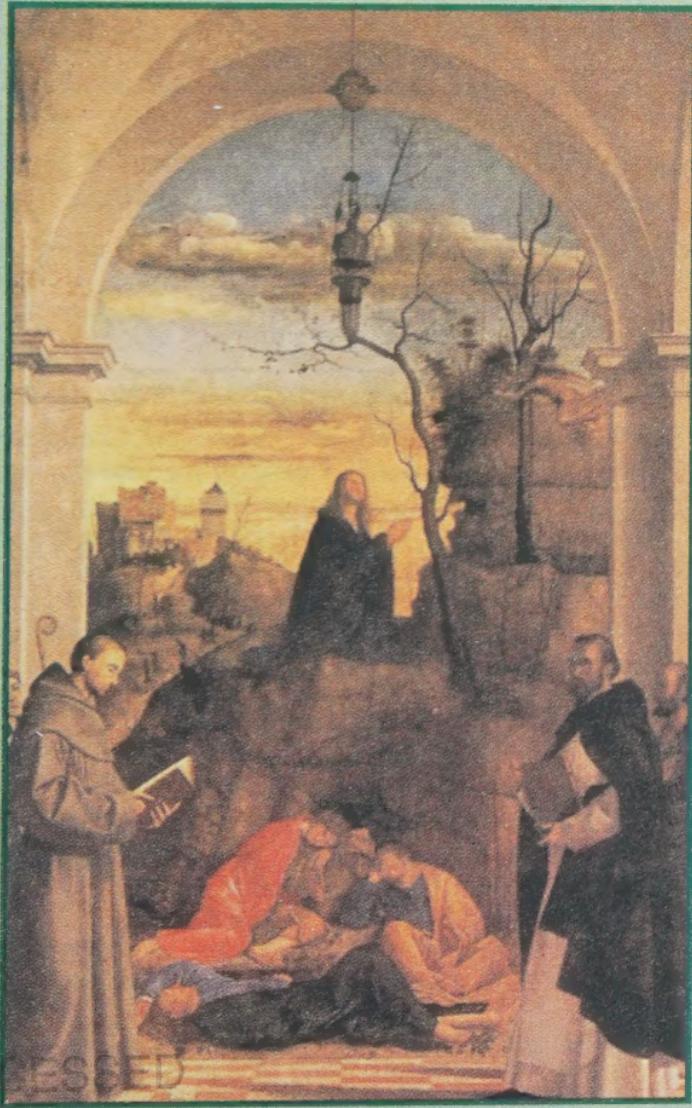
 The
Anglican Digest

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THE ANGLICAN DIGEST

Founded 1958

ISSN 0003-3278

Vol. 45, No. 2

Printed in the U.S.A.

The Anglican Digest is published six times per year by SPEAK, the Society for Promoting and Encouraging Arts and Knowledge (of the Church) at Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

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LOVE

In Greek there are two different words for love. Actually, there are more than two, but there are two that are used in the New Testament. One of the words is agape (pronounced as if it ended with *pay*). Agape is the highest, most noble love. It is unconditional love. It is the love of sacrifice and the outpouring of self. Whenever the love of God is spoken of, the word agape is used.

The other word is phileo, and it means brotherly love. The name Philadelphia comes from combining a form of phileo with the Greek word for city — thus, the city of brotherly love. It may be a stretch, but at least it is a vision. Phileo speaks of loyalty and the bonds of blood relationships. It is the kind of love we think of in friendship.

There is an interchange between Jesus and Peter that takes place after the resurrection and is recorded at the end of the Gospel of John. The risen Jesus has appeared to the disciples and has had

breakfast with them on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. After breakfast he has a conversation with Peter in which he asks him three times, "Do you love me?" Each time Peter responds, "Lord, you know I love you." And each time Jesus says something to the effect of directing Peter to care for others. "Feed my sheep."

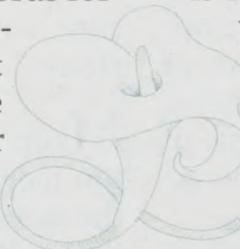
Much has been made about the fact that Jesus asks Peter the question about love three times. It has often been suggested that it is some counter-measure to Peter denying Jesus three times before the crucifixion. But maybe something subtler is going on.

The first two times Jesus asks Peter if he loves him, he uses the word agape. All three times Peter responds with the word phileo. It is as if Jesus is asking for more than Peter can give. "Do you love me the way God does?" "Lord, you know I love you like a brother." The third time Jesus uses the word phileo. The gospel says that Peter was hurt that Jesus asked him the third time, "Do you love

me?" And he responded, "Lord, you know all things." Maybe Peter was not remembering his denial as much as he was facing the limitation of his heart.

There are those who say that too much could be made over the use of different words for love in this interchange. But, I don't know. It seems to me that Jesus asks for more than Peter can give and then backs up to where Peter is. If agape is too much, then can you really give me friendship? Somehow I find great comfort in that for there are limitations in my heart as well.

Interestingly, right after the conversation about love Jesus says some enigmatic things about Peter's death—he will be taken where he does not want to go. What begins as phileo will grow into agape. Peter does not yet know that he has it within him, but he does. He will find a capacity for love beyond what he imagined possible. He will give himself away.



Love is like that, or at least my experience of it is. It is so demanding as to be frightening. It seems to ask for more than anyone could possibly give. But the love itself draws forth the giving. And in the giving love grows.

The good news is that God is ready to begin whenever we are. The trick is to just do it. Every time Peter tells Jesus he loves him, Jesus says, "Feed my sheep." Do something with it. Act on it. The point is not to start at the finish line. The point is to start.

Easter is fifty days long. The secular world celebrates a holiday and then moves quickly on. Ours is not a patient world. In the Church major holy days begin seasons. This is a season of resurrection. It is an invitation to a way of life more than an observation of an event.

Begin somewhere. It may surprise you what can happen.

— *The Very Rev. Joe Reynolds,
Christ Church Cathedral,
Houston, Texas*

THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD

"Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord. Let it be to me according to your word." – Luke 1:38

ABOUT TWO years ago, a new statue of Our Lady and the Infant Jesus was installed in St. Matthew's Church in London. It caused a minor furor in the religious press. When you look at the statue head-on, the Blessed Mother is presenting her Son to you. Neither figure has a sweet or pretty face — there is nothing sentimental about the Mother and Child. What you see is a very basic depiction of our humanity.

The Child is naked. But that is not unusual in much Christian art — as, for example, in the Della Robbia here at St. Mary's. But when you look at Our Lady, holding the Child, you realize that she, too, is unclothed. This is what set off the critics, of course. They said it was inappropriate, even demeaning of the Blessed Virgin, that she should be depicted naked.

I asked the sculptor, Guy

Reid, about the furor. After the first articles appeared, he had been asked for an interview. He said that he was amazed by the negative reaction. He was, he said, "simply depicting Our Lady as the second Eve." At that, the critics fell silent. The artist had tapped into one of the most basic theological images of the Mother of Our Lord: as the one in whom the disobedience of humanity was reversed; the one whose acceptance of the will of God enables the Church to sing at the Easter Vigil, "O blessed iniquity which won for us so great a redemption." The sin of Adam is reversed in Mary's "Be it unto me according to your word."



"Madonna and Child by Guy Reid, at Saint Matthew's Church, Westminster, London"

– Photo by Ian Cole

The statue in London reminds us of our tendency to domesticate images - to tame them, to make them safe and unchallenging, to choose a narrow set of images from the great range of images which have emerged from the Church's experience of the Holy.

We need many images if we are to avoid the literalization of a few *safe* ones. With regard to the Blessed Virgin, the range is vast: from the great icons of the *Theotokos*, the God-bearer, which speak to us of Mary's exalted role, all the way, for example, to the astounding opening scene of Pasolini's film *The Gospel According to Matthew* in which we see Mary as a bewildered teen-aged girl who is great with child, and whose face seems to ask, "What have I agreed to?" Here we see Mary in all the vulnerability of her humanity.

We need the whole range of such images so that we may avoid the trap of thinking that *any* one image captures the meaning of the mystery of God's action in human history. The great danger of identi-

fying the Holy with one image is that the one image can become an idol, an idol which limits our vision of God to itself, and inhibits our encounter with the glory of God which is beyond all of our images, and to which, at best, our images may lead us.

And so the statue of the Mother and Child at St. Matthew's, London, is not the last word in our depictions of Mary and Jesus, but it is, I believe, an important one within the great spectrum — and it is one which challenges us in a particular way. To a remarkable degree, the figures of Jesus and Mary are both strong and vulnerable at the same time. It is a rare combination: strong and vulnerable. The two figures embody Our Lady's response to the Annunciation of Gabriel: "I am the handmaid of the Lord." Here is strength: I know who I am — I am a child of God. But even in the strength of that identity, there is also vulnerability: "Be it unto me according to your word." Here is a statement of absolute dependence — a vulnerability which we do

not usually associate with strength. The nakedness of the two figures makes this vulnerability evident, while at the same time the figures are strong.

In this way, the statue speaks to us of our own relation to God. It summons us to be strong and secure in our identity as the children of God. At the same time it reminds us that we are ultimately naked. We are vulnerable to all the "changes and chances of this mortal life." In this vulnerability, we are identified with Mary as the bewildered teen-aged girl, and must respond with her to a life for which we are given no blueprint: "Be it unto me according to your word."

Or as we say in the Lord's Prayer: "Your will be done."

IN THIS season of Easter, a primary image of Our Lady is as "Queen of Heaven." This is an early image in the tradition. Already in the fifth century we have a mosaic in Rome of Our Lord placing a crown upon his mother's head. It is a fitting image of Mary as the God-bearer. But

we need to remember that it is an image which comes to us from our historical experience of power and authority. I am reminded of the encounter between Jesus and Pilate which we hear proclaimed in Holy Week. Pilate asks Jesus, "Are you a king then?" And Jesus responds, "King is your word."

And this is true: "King," "Queen" — these are our words. They are our stutters and stammers as we human beings attempt to find words and images to express our awe and wonder when we encounter the Mystery of God present and active in our lives. We need *all* the images:

King of Kings — Suffering servant — Child in a manger — Queen of Heaven — Second Eve — Handmaid of the Lord.

But beyond the images are the glory and otherness of God, the Holy One who came to share our humanity when a Jewish peasant girl said, "Let it be to me according to your word."

— Louis Weil, via Church of
Saint Mary the Virgin,
New York, New York

THE LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME

Each Sunday we gather at Christ Church to celebrate the Eucharist, which contains at its center (in one form or another) the ringing affirmation: *Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again.* The resurrection of Jesus Christ is basic to Christian belief. As the Apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "If Christ has not been raised, then our proclamation has been in vain and your faith has been in vain" (1 Cor. 15:14). The assertion of belief in Jesus' death and resurrection punctuates our Sunday liturgy. In fact, it's this event that brings us together.

Jesus' death and resurrection means new life for us. By the eating and drinking of Christ's Body and Blood, Christians enact their belief that new life is shared with them in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. New life not only here and now, but also in the future. The Sacraments are a "passport" of sorts (in fact, many early writers on the Sacraments used exactly this

metaphor); a key that opens the door into a new and larger life. So our Eucharist usually concludes with a prayer that we too may come to the joy of the kingdom, into the Father's heavenly country, in company with all the saints.

This present life just isn't big enough to contain the fullness of the mystery. Jesus' resurrection life not only carries us with him, but spills over into what the Creed calls "the life of the world to come." What exactly such a life means is barely imaginable, but what is really unimaginable is that life (our life, in Christ) could be defeated by death. Again, Paul: "If for this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all people most to be pitied" (1 Cor. 15:19). The Creed affirms, and the Eucharist celebrates, the hope we have in Christ. That is, a hope not simply for this life, but for the life to come.

- The Rev. John C.
Bauerschmidt, D. Phil.,
Rector, Christ Church,
Covington, Louisiana

Theses from our Cathedral Door...

A NEW APPROACH TO HISPANIC MINISTRY?

The *Economist* magazine stated at the end of 2002 that the rate of conversion among Spanish-speaking people to Pentecostal Christianity is one of the dazzling facts of contemporary religion. This should not surprise us. A visit to almost any city you can name in Latin and South America reveals countless storefront and larger Pentecostal churches.

Are Episcopalians observing this trend and understanding its importance? For as long as I have been ordained, it has looked as if we were trying to attract Spanish speakers by presenting ourselves as sort of Roman Catholic minus the Roman. I have wondered whether we should not be accused of false advertising. Are we Catholics kind of? And if you are a recent comer to our country, please don't ask too many questions.

But there is another model out there. Why not learn from

those Spanish-speaking Pentecostals: their Bible pluck, their faith in Christ's Spirit at work now, their travel-light ecclesiology? I have no problem with those things. Would John Wesley or George Abbot, Edmund Grindal or George Carey? I doubt it.

We actually tried this, in the mid-1980s. The Rev. Nancy Hanna, then assistant rector of St. Mary's, Scarborough in the Diocese of New York, established warm contacts with a thriving Spanish-speaking Pentecostal congregation in North Tarrytown. The relationship became creative. And our joint Sunday evening services in St. Mary's Church raised the roof. Did we feel un-Anglican? No, just fired-up Christian.

Why not try a new approach?



- *The Very Rev.
Dr. Theol.
Paul F.M. Zahl*



PALM SUNDAY SERMON

There is a powerful contrast in the Gospel readings. In the first (Matthew 21:1-11), read during "The Liturgy of the Palms," it looks as if Jesus is going to be accepted as the long awaited Messiah sent by God to save his people, who were shouting praise to him in the streets of Jerusalem. But just a few short days later, the very same people were shouting for him to be "crucified." What a difference! I always wonder, if I had been there, would I too have been shouting praises on Palm Sunday and then condemnation on Good Friday?

Every year Palm Sunday hits me like a bomb shell. The majority of my great plans for a new commitment with God, that I made on Ash Wednesday, have fallen by the way-side. Every year I expect to do so much work on my relationship with God during Lent,



and every year on Palm Sunday I come to the realization that most of my plans were too ambitious to be practically followed through. When I was a child, I remember Palm Sunday as the forecast of Lent coming to a close and the announcement that glorious Easter was speeding its way into the present.

It was a time to wave our palms and welcome the King. I don't even remember the Passion Gospel (Matthew 26:36-27:66) being read, though I am sure it was. How different my outlook on things has become as I have matured in my faith.

In contrast to my childish understanding, now, when Palm Sunday arrives, it is the Passion of Jesus Christ that dominates my thoughts. The reading of the Passion Gospel always leaves me feeling as though the story has been told with an open ending — which it has. It seems unfinished — which it is. Can you imagine the despair the disciples were

feeling when the story reached this point? After all, the Passion Gospel leaves us with Jesus dead! I can imagine them in their confusion and anger wanting to shout, "Wait one minute! What has happened? Something is wrong here! Where's our miracle?" Well, we know "the rest of the story," but the disciples didn't. They were living and feeling the story.

When we travel through life we have to do exactly that — we have to "go through it." We have to live it and feel it. The pain and suffering as well as the joy. We can't avoid it.

In our day we try to avoid as much pain as we can. We get a little pain or difficulty and we run for the pain relievers or tranquilizers. How often we pray that God will relieve our suffering or that of those we love. Even Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, prayed to be allowed to skip the ordeal of the crucifixion. Often when the pain doesn't go away, we wonder if God even hears our petitions. So often people ask what they did to deserve their

suffering. Pain and suffering are not a punishment, or a learning device, or a test. That isn't the way God works.

A few years ago I was called to The Westerly Hospital to baptize a newborn infant. Afterwards, as I stood in the hallway with the parents watching through a window as a team from Women and Infants Hospital prepared their two hour old son to be transported to that hospital, where he could receive more specialized treatment, the young father turned to me, put his head on my shoulder and sobbed helplessly. "Why the baby? Why the baby?" I had no answer for him, I could only try to help him feel less alone.

In this life, we often feel abandoned and in the dark. In Westerly, there is a church that displays a sign with all sorts of supposedly "inspirational sayings." Often they are trite and not theologically grounded. However, last month, when my mother was near death and we both were suffering, there was one say-

ing on that sign that reminded me that I was not alone or abandoned. It said, "God does not promise to take away our darkness. However, he does promise to guide us through it."

It isn't a "bad" thing to want to avoid all pain in our lives. Pain, however, is inevitable, and we must remember that it is not always to be considered as a negative. Indeed, pain is a physical and emotional warning device and is very often lifesaving. Without pain we would not be aware of disease or injury in our bodies or emotions. People who have lost the ability to feel pain are in constant danger of being seriously injured. For instance, imagine the damage that could be done if you put your hand down on a hot burner and did not feel pain to make you aware of it. I will admit that it would be nice if we could receive the message and then turn the pain off. However, as long as the problem persists, the pain continues. Often when we pray for relief from our suffering, we forget that we are not alone

and that is when we get stuck in the darkness.

When Jesus prayed in Gethsemane, He, like us, asked to be spared the pain. However, realizing that it could not be, he knew that He was NOT alone in the darkness, and he gained the strength he needed to travel through the pain and suffering. If he had not, and the choice was His, he could not have reached Easter and the Resurrection, and we would have no hope for salvation.

Palm Sunday does not, as I used to think, signal that Lent is (at last!) about over. Instead, it marks the beginning of what is probably the hardest, but the most important week of the Christian Year. We cannot just skip from Jesus' teaching ministry to Easter and expect to be able to feel the full impact of the Easter miracle. Yet, this is exactly what so many "Christians" try to do. Think of the number of people who during the next week will spend more time and energy on planning their Easter din-

ner or what they will wear on Easter Sunday, than they will on living through Holy Week with Jesus. It is absolutely impossible for these people to truly reach Easter with any meaning.

Let us pray.

*Almighty God,
whose most dear Son went not
up to joy but first he
suffered pain,
and entered not into glory
before he was crucified:
Mercifully grant that we,
walking in the way of the cross,
may find it none
other than the way of
life and peace; through
Jesus Christ our Lord.*

— Amen

— The Rev. Christine H. Burton,
Saint Mary's, Warwick,
Rhode Island



"There are two kind of people: the righteous who believe themselves sinners, and the rest who believe themselves righteous."

— Blaise Pascal (1623 -62)

Christians love one another. They never fail to help widows; they save orphans from those who would hurt them. If a man has something he gives freely to the man who has nothing. If they see a stranger, Christians take him home and are happy, as though he were a real brother. They don't consider themselves brothers in the usual sense, but brothers instead through the Spirit, in God. And if they hear that one of them is in jail, or persecuted for professing the name of their redeemer, they all give him what he needs — if it is possible, they bail him out. If one of them is poor and there isn't enough food to go around, they fast several days to give him the food he needs... This is really a new kind of person. There is something divine in them.

— Aristides, a lawyer, before Hadrian, 2nd Century, via TIDINGS, St. Alban's, Hickory, North Carolina

A Priest's Journal

NAN TAUGHT SUNDAY SCHOOL for thirty years, teaching the preschoolers, whom she loved much. She died rather quickly. The first medical diagnosis of cancer was received during Holy Week, and before the end of the Easter season we were having her funeral.

I saw her just a few days before she died, bringing Communion to her hospital room. Communion, Christians believe, is the life of Jesus miraculously given for us as we journey here on earth. Think of it as rations for a journey, Old Testament manna, daily bread. When I arrived at the hospital a friend was there, with damp eyes. "She's sleeping," she said. I stood at the door of the room, and my eyes also began to tear. "I'm sure she'd want you to awaken her," she said, but I was far from sure that I wanted to disturb her. If she's only sleeping (I must have thought something along these lines), maybe this is

only a dream, and she will wake up, and things will go back like they used to be.... A nurse arrived with a pill and settled matters. Nan sat on the edge of her bed, a small white pill in her palm. "I can't see it," she said. The nurse explained it was one little pill, and she told Nan what it was for. Nan took it, and with help, found the straw and had a sip or water.

I sat beside her. She looked hard at me, and announced, "It's Victor." I said, "I've brought you Communion. Would you like to receive?" She nodded, I took her hand, and we prayed. "Our Father, who art in heaven, . . ." Somewhere around "Give us this day our daily bread" her voice trailed off. I finished the prayer, opened the little silver box, and placed the wafer in her hand. "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ." I then took the other wafer I had brought, and consumed it myself. We shared a moment of silence. When I looked at Nan, she was still holding the host between her thumb and forefinger. And she said to me

something that I will never forget: "I don't know what to do with this."

I don't know what to do with this. Whatever Nan's spirit meant by those words, whether they were merely words of confusion as her mental capacities were shutting down, or whether she had some spiritual insight given her in those waning hours as she held the sacramental Body of her Lord between thumb and forefinger, they are true, true words of profound honesty. I said them about Nan herself, only a few days later. I don't know what to do with — this, with this casket, this body no longer breathing, this hole in our life. Of course, in one sense, I do know what to do. I am a priest, so I will have calling hours, and a funeral, and say the prayers appointed, and receive again the Body and the Blood, and send this body off to its resting place. And life will go on. But what does one do with this, with the fact of death, with the human condition? I don't know what to do with

this whole human condition thing.

When you realize you don't know what to make of your life, of human life and human death, then you are ready to hear the words of Jesus. I have gone to prepare a place for you. In my Father's house are many mansions — resting places for travelers — and when I go and prepare one for you, I will come again and will take you to myself that where I am you may be also. Those words, from John chapter 14, I hear Jesus saying to Nan as she held him in her hand. I will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also.

Jesus has taken the entire human condition to himself. He lived our life from its microscopic beginning to its painful end. He had a friend, Lazarus, who died. When Jesus was invited to come and see Lazarus' tomb, he wept. Later, after the nails, the spit, the spear, his own body was laid in a tomb, which was closed with a large stone, and in the darkness, Jesus' body cooled to room temperature.

From beginning to end, in sickness and in health, in cruelty and suffering, amongst greed, ignorance, and intrigue, and including death itself, for our sake Jesus has taken the human condition to himself. Although I don't know what to do with cancer and cold bodies, I do know that Jesus has made a decisive act of self-identification with every human being.

Nan held in her hands the one who holds her in his hands. She did not know what to do with the one who had united himself to her forever. "I don't know what to do with this," she said. I said, "You could eat it." May I say the same words to any of you who look upon a pall-covered body and feel the awful emptiness of not knowing what to do with this, may I say to you, "You could eat it"? Come and eat these travelers' rations, eat this food to pilgrims given.

- An excerpt from
A Priest's Journal,
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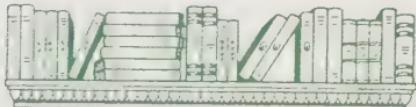
Chicken soup for the reality-based soul

- A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.
- If you must choose between two evils, pick the one you've never tried before.
- My idea of housework is to sweep the room with a glance.
- Always yield to temptation because it may not pass your way again.
- Bills travel through the mail at twice the speed of checks.
- No husband has ever been shot while doing the dishes.
- Junk is something you throw away three weeks before you need it.
- Finally, age is a very high price to pay for maturity.

- Holy Trinity, Hot Springs
Village, Arkansas

CREAM OF THE CROP

Godfrey Davis, who wrote a biography about the Duke of Wellington, said, "I found an old account ledger that showed how the Duke spent his money. It was a far better clue to what he thought was really important than the reading of his letters or speeches." How we handle money reveals a great deal about the depth of our commitment to Christ. One-sixth of the gospels – one out of every three parables – touches on stewardship. Yet many Episcopalians are terrified of the subject of money, and most clergy struggle when the need for a sermon on stewardship arises.



03-2

"are increasingly showing signs of alienation from ... classical ideas of stewardship. [For many] resources are no longer seen as precious gifts from God with which we have been entrusted," he writes, "but as assets by which profit might be gained." The solution to this problem is not to adopt secular models of fundraising, which fail to consider "the soul," but instead to recover fully the biblical theology of stewardship. "We must help every Christian understand and embrace the idea that our vocation calls us to give, give freely, give generously, and, most importantly, to give joyfully in praise of God, and in support of the Church which continues to preach the gospel, and strives to turn away from evil to do good."



The Passionate Steward. He acknowledges the depth of the church's struggle in this area: we

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Death and Resurrection

One of the most powerful archetypes that permeates our stories and our daily lives is that of death and resurrection. It is a universal experience that is present in the creation around us, in the relationships we have with others, and in the renewals that take place in our own heart, mind, and soul.

In the creation, we see death and resurrection in the cycles of nature. The sun "dies" at the end of the day, and is then "reborn" the next morning. The seasons also have death and resurrection. In the fall, we see creation "dying" all around us as the leaves fall, and the trees become barren and look dead. The winter has often symbolized death in our lives. Gardeners see the pattern in their planting of bulbs, which look completely dead when you plant them. Jesus uses the image of the seed dying to itself, in order to become reborn. Spring brings the beautiful rebirth of the trees, the seeds, the bulbs, and all kinds of beautiful flowers. It

symbolizes new life and resurrection for us.

In our human relationships, death and resurrection are constantly at play. A relationship may die because of a betrayal, only to be reborn even stronger through repentance and forgiveness. Our false images of a person may die, only to be replaced by more truthful and honest reflections of the real person, rather than the projections we place upon them. We may need to let an unhealthy relationship die, in order that we may move on with our lives and find a healthier relationship with someone else. Many of the greatest problems that occur in human relationships are due to the fact that people have a difficult time letting go of a known relationship that is miserable, in order to go out in hope of finding a kind and good relationship. We prefer the miserable known to the potentially joyful unknown. So we stay in our sick relationships longer than we should.

One interesting word etymology is the word "decide", which means "of killing" in

Latin. Notice the last part of the word is in common with suicide, homicide, patricide, etc. To decide is to let certain options die, i.e. to kill them as options, while letting one live. In our culture, we love to leave our options open, and in so doing, we fail to live authentic, focused lives.

Psychologically and spiritually, death and resurrection are important dynamics. The things we try to kill off in ourselves often resurrect themselves in other directions. We try to kill off memories rather than dealing with them, and then they come out in the form of symptoms, acting out behaviors, and depression. Psychologists often call this the "return of the repressed." One of therapy's tasks is to resurrect memories that we have not properly integrated, and to help us deal with them in a healthier manner.

Often, we must go through periods of deep loss and depression in order to make us aware that our patterns of thinking, feeling, and behaving are inauthentic, dishonest, and unhealthy. Addicts call this "hitting bottom," and it

often sets the stage for intense and deep spiritual and psychological growth and insight. Without pain and crisis in our lives, we often tend to become superficial and complacent people, shallow in empathy and compassion, and unable to feel deeply the core values of what is really important in life. Both empathy and compassion have as their word root "pathos," which means suffering. These psychological and spiritual deaths in our lives can lead to incredible resurrections.

In the Christian faith, the death and resurrection of Jesus is at the core of our faith. We see a loving, compassionate, faithful man who felt the sufferings of creation and humanity at a very deep level. He was very honest in his telling of the truth, and many simply did not want their dishonest world views challenged. So they killed him to try to get rid of this "troublesome prophet." Jesus' resurrection tells us that evil never wins in the end.

— The Rev. Mike Glenn
St. Philip's, Palestine, Texas

THE TREASURE

The cheerful girl with bouncy golden curls was almost five. Waiting with her mother at the checkout stand, she saw them: a circle of glistening white pearls in a pink foil box. "Oh please, Mommy. Can I have them? Please, mommy, please!" Quickly the mother checked the back of the little foil box and then looked back into the pleading blue eyes of her little girl's upturned face. "A dollar ninety-five. That's almost \$2. If you really want them, I'll think of some extra chores for you and in no time you can save enough money to buy them for yourself. Your birthday's only a week away and you might get another crisp dollar bill from Grandma."

As soon as Jenny got home, she emptied her penny bank and counted out 17 pennies. After dinner, she did more than her share of chores and



she went to the neighbor and asked Mrs. McJames if she could pick dandelions for ten cents. On her birthday, Grandma did give her another new dollar bill and at last she had enough money to buy the necklace.

Jenny loved her pearls. They made her feel dressed up and grown up. She wore them everywhere - Sunday school, kindergarten, even to bed. The only time she took them off was when she went swimming or had a bubble bath. Mother said if they got wet, they might turn her neck green.

Jenny had a very loving daddy and every night when she was ready for bed, he would stop whatever he was doing and come upstairs to read her a story. One night when he finished the story, he asked Jenny, "Do you love me?"

"Oh yes, Daddy. You know that I love you."

"Then give me your pearls."

"Oh, Daddy, not my pearls. But you can have Princess — the white horse from my collection. The one with the pink tail. Remember, Daddy? The one you gave me. She's my favorite."

"That's okay, Honey. Daddy loves you. Good night." And he brushed her cheek with a kiss.

About a week later, after the story time, Jenny's daddy asked again, "Do you love me?"

"Daddy, you know I love you."

"Then give me your pearls."

"Oh Daddy, not my pearls. But you can have my baby doll. The brand new one I got for my birthday. She is so beautiful and you can have the yellow blanket that matches her sleeper."

"That's okay. Sleep well. God bless you, little one. Daddy loves you." And as always, he brushed her cheek with a gentle kiss.

A few nights later when her daddy came in, Jenny

was sitting on her bed with her legs crossed Indian-style. As he came close, he noticed her chin was trembling and one silent tear rolled down her cheek.

"What is it, Jenny? What's the matter?"

Jenny didn't say anything but lifted her little hand up to her daddy. And when she opened it, there was her little pearl necklace. With a little quiver, she finally said, "Here, Daddy. It's for you." With tears gathering in his own eyes, Jenny's kind daddy reached out with one hand to take the dime-store necklace, and with the other hand he reached into his pocket and pulled out a blue velvet case with a strand of genuine pearls and gave them to Jenny. He had had them all the time. He was just waiting for her to give up the dime-store stuff so he could give her genuine treasure.

So like our heavenly Father. What are you hanging on to?

— St. Mary's-on-the-Highlands
Birmingham, Alabama

GLOBAL SOUTH CHRISTENDOM: IS IT INEVITABLE?

Many Christians have, I think, taken heart from the recent book by Prof. Philip Jenkins, *The Next Christendom: The Coming of Global Christianity* (Oxford UP, 2002), a popularized version of which has appeared in the October *Atlantic Monthly* as "The Next Christianity." Jenkins's thesis is that regions of Africa, South America and Asia are growing simultaneously in population and in the spread of the Christian faith. Jenkins concludes that despite fears of an Islamicization of the "Global South," the great untold story is "the potential political role of ascendant Southern Christianity."

In particular, Anglican Christianity is growing in parts of Africa. While many talked about the 1990's as the



Decade of Evangelism, the Anglican Church in Nigeria walked the walk and multiplied from about 6 million members to as many as 20 million. The Episcopal Church in the Sudan likewise grew exponentially and did so during a period of intense persecution and civil devastation. The Anglican Church in Uganda, where I live, is the beneficiary of earlier waves of evangelism and revival, and the churches are still full and vibrant, at least by Western standards.

So there is much to remind us that the Acts of the Apostles continue to this day. As Jenkins points out, the stellar growth of the South seems to go hand in hand with the fading of faith in the former "Christendom," i.e., Europe. (According to Jenkins, the Church in the U.S.A. teeters in-between these two trends.)

Finally, Jenkins notes that

the character of Global South Christianity is much more "conservative" than its Western counterparts in terms of belief in the supernatural and in the authority of the Bible. At the same time, the Church is more "radical" in being a Spirit-movement and a people-movement more than an institutional entity — a challenge, I might add, to Anglican traditionalism.

For three years now, I have served as the head of a new Christian university in Uganda. My time here leads me to issue one caveat to the optimism which Jenkins's book engenders. Christianity may be winning the numbers game in the Global South over against Islam and Secularism, but it is not consolidating these gains at the leadership level.

The Muslims in Uganda, for instance, are outspending the Christians many times over in higher education. The Organization of Islamic States recently opened "King Faud Plaza" in downtown Kampala, a \$10 million high-

rise which houses the down-town campus of the Islamic University. By contrast, the Anglican Church has been attempting without success to raise even \$1 million for a Church House to help fund pensions for the clergy, who presently retire penniless.

Muslims are also sent overseas for higher degrees and return home to receive key positions in academia, government and society. Muslim businessmen here are far more ready to invest in overtly Islamic enterprises than Christians. Muslim heads of state like Muammar Qaddafi openly court political figures here, whereas leaders from the "Christian" West like Colin Powell and Paul O'Neill scrupulously maintain religious neutrality.

I agree with Philip Jenkins that social and religious trends in the Global South are more encouraging than many Christians in the West might have thought. But I would warn against any sense of inevitability about the Next Christendom. There is a battle being fought out here, and

we need the prayers, the interest and the support of brothers and sisters in the stable and affluent North.

In particular, I am pleased to announce the formation of the Global South Institute for Mission, Leadership and Public Policy at Uganda Christian University, which will be officially launched in mid-2003. It is our hope that this Institute will provide a venue for Christian leaders of Church and society to meet, consult and prepare for their role in the development of the African continent. In particular, the Global South Institute will feature an Anglican Identity and Mission track, which will assist Anglicans from Africa to plot their own course in the new millennium.

For more information on the Global South Institute and Uganda Christian University, visit our websites at www.ucu.ac.ug and www.ugandapartners.org.

- *The Rev. Prof. Stephen Noll
Vice Chancellor, Uganda
Christian University*

The Sanctity of Giving

With increasing momentum, our lives are being built around economic transactions. We might ask ourselves, has that not always been the case? Perhaps, but never to the degree that you and I are accepting as the norm today.

When did you see for the first time on television a college football jersey display a Nike swoosh? That famous logo, strategically placed for the camera, has changed the scholarship donation into an economic exchange. Prenuptial agreements were not part of my experience in the early years of my priesthood, but today this economic exchange encroaches upon and undercuts the very vow, "for richer, for poorer...." Stadiums and other spaces once honoring civic leaders and heroes are now named for the highest corporate bidder. In moments of absurd imagination I wonder when a local church will slip into such an exchange and be willing to name its parish hall for a Coca-Cola or a Sony.

Gift giving with no strings attached seems like a most naive idea. Why would you offer a gift without the promise of something in return, without today's way of knowing that economic transactions are supreme — governing even our stewardship?

Not all areas of life are what we call "market driven." Yet as this increasingly popular slogan becomes commonplace in our language, it takes on the status of a folklore more powerful than our fundamental virtues themselves. Wall Street's language is subtly creeping into the university, medicine, and now, to our despair, our spiritual formation. The words spirituality, faith, and soul are employed quite often these days as tools of commerce and advertising. It is difficult in a culture that steeps us in the doctrine of the overwhelming power of the market to keep our religious words distinguished and hallowed, and more importantly, the actions they so sacredly bespeak.

Genuine stewardship in

the local congregation is one of the last frontiers where selfless giving has retained a degree of integrity. Maintaining the sanctity of this area may be for us in the Church one of our most important challenges as we witness to a culture increasingly defined by its economic transactions.

— *The Rev. Dr. Daniel Paul Matthews, Rector, Trinity, Wall Street, New York, New York*

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Forgive Us Our Trespasses

Beloved in Christ:

Every Sunday, and for some of us every day, we say the Lord's Prayer. It is such a part of our lives that we know it by heart and can recite it from memory at the drop of a hat. It is the prayer that many turn to when they face crisis and words escape them.

I can remember many years ago as my mother lay on the side of the road badly hurt by a car accident, and I wanted her to remain conscious until help came, I asked her questions to keep her alert. The questions were simple, what was her name, or what my name was—and she could answer none of them. I was terrified. I was scared I would lose my mother, and it was a bit disconcerting for me to think that she did not know her own son, me. I was weeping as I held her, but responded the only way I knew how, I prayed. I said the words of the Lord's Prayer aloud. To my relief my

mother responded by saying the prayer with me, and then she said the prayer by herself, over and over. She remembered the words to that prayer if little else. It kept her conscious, and I felt it kept her alive.

I wonder how many of us say the words to the Lord's Prayer, and pay no attention to their meaning. One phrase in particular comes to mind, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us..." I would guess that several of us forget that we are praying to be "forgiven," as we "forgive." A very sobering thought. We must put aside our differences, our squabbles, and our animosities, anything that keeps us from forgiving and loving others. We must forgive so that we can be forgiven, and so we pray, and so Christ has taught us. We can't run, turn away, justify; we can only reconcile if we are to live as Christ's own.

The great thing about the beginning of a new rector's tenure is that a period of grace exists to put aside whatever differences may

exist, bury grievances, and live as a congregation, into the promise of hope, peace, love, and joy that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Let our prayers together have meaning, and not be just memorized words linked together. Let us live as the Body of Christ, manifesting our love. Let us call back, and welcome back, those who have been away. Let us bring those who have not yet reamed the way, or who are lost. Let us forgive those we feel have trespassed against us, and vice-versa. But, especially, let us embrace those who are here, reminding them of their importance in our lives.

When my mother nearly died those many years ago, all of a sudden I knew what was important, not our differences but our love. I knew the great cost of words spoken in haste or anger and how they would weigh on me if anything happened to her. I wished that all of my actions and words towards my mother were those to bring comfort and pleasure, not leave negative, bad, or hurt feelings. She lived,

thank God, but I knew her worth and value to me. Well, all people have worth and value, and they deserve to be treated accordingly, after all, they, too, are the image of God.

Why not begin now to live according to our calling, and as though each word or action may be the last chance we will have to say, "I love you," or, "I forgive you," or even, "please forgive me." This is a great time to live into the love and forgiveness that we know is there for us, and that we are grateful to share with others.

— *The Rev. Dr. Walter V.Z. Windsor, Trinity, Pine Bluff, Arkansas*

HE THAT IS HOLY
LET HIM BE HOLY STILL
AND STILL MORE HOLY
AND NEVER THINK
HE HATH DONE HIS WORK
TIL ALL BE FINISHED
BY PERSEVERANCE AND THE
MEASURES OF PERFECTION
IN A HOLY LIFE
AND A HOLY DEATH

Jeremy Taylor

WHAT THE BIBLE TEACHES US ABOUT CREATION

This is the first of a five part series on the Bible and creation.

First of all, the Bible reveals to us the astonishing news that we are part of a universe created by a God who saves. God rescued Israel from bondage in Egypt, and centuries later led home the Judeans exiled in Babylon. Through the words of prophets God assured the exiles that the One who created heaven and earth would liberate them just as he did under Moses, when God first created them his Covenant People:

*But now thus says the LORD,
he who created you... O Israel;
Thus says the LORD, your
redeemer...*

*I am the LORD, who made all
things,
Who alone stretched out the
heavens,
Who alone spread out the earth.
(Isaiah 44: 1, 24)*

God's creativity is not limited to the universe, amazing as

it is; he created Israel to be his Chosen, and God creates us in Christ through the Holy Spirit to be the people of his New Covenant. "Anyone who is in Christ," St. Paul wrote, "is a new creation." (2 Cor. 5:17)

This, then, is what the Bible teaches us about creation: "creation" does not refer so much to how God does it; rather "creation" refers to God's relationship with his peoples and with the whole universe God called into being. Many Christians have been taught to believe that the First Creation Narrative (Gen. 1:1-2:4) is a scientific description of how God made the universe, but some Church fathers and most Bible scholars today think differently. They recognize that Genesis 1 is a majestic proclamation, cast in the stately rhythms and repetitions of a liturgy, which teaches theological rather than scientific truths. It proclaims that we live in a universe that has a beginning, that it is the work of the one true God, that it is spoken into being through God's word of power. It declares that the

universe God created is natural, not divine; orderly, not chaotic; purposeful, not meaningless; and good, very good. And God also makes the equally astonishing—and equally mysterious—declaration what we human beings are made in God's own "image and likeness," and that we have been given the task of governing and caring for the earth upon which we dwell.

We also learn from the Bible that God not only calls the world into being but also sustains it in covenantal fidelity. The awesome breath of God that blew over the waters at the beginning (Gen. 1:2) is the same Spirit that renews the face of the earth (Ps. 104:30). In this majestic hymn of praise, the Psalmist lauds all of God's creative activity, declaring how God gave the earth its form and features and endows it with all of the food and raiment that beast and human needs: boughs for the stork's nest and high mountain homes for the wild goat, grasses for the cattle, water to quench the wild ass's

thirst, bread to strengthen and wine to make glad the human heart (Ps. 104:10-18). Yes, God's covenant with the earth is a covenant of faithful sustenance and continuous creation. The biblical God is always making things, sustaining things, renewing things, blessing things.

These works that evoke our faith in God's creative care for the universe show us also God's intimate relationship with the creation. If the First Creation Narrative reveals God's transcendent otherness from the creation, the Second Creation Narrative (Gen. 2:4-24) teaches that God is immanent in creation, intimately present to all of the creatures he has made with his hands. In the Book of Job (chapters 38-41) God declares to Job not only the Lord's intimate knowledge of every element in the universe, a knowledge and comprehension to which no human can fully attain, but of God's almost ecstatic joy in his creation, whether it be in the "majestic snorting" of the horse or the soaring hawk or the wild ass "that scorns the

city" (Job 39:7, 20, 26). God loves and takes delight in all that God has made.

Science reads the Book of Nature, and has learned a great deal about this universe, but its wiser practitioners recognize that it cannot answer the ultimate question: Why there is anything at all for science to study? That question is answered in the Book of Scripture. I invite you to meditate on its revelations, and be thankful for God's wonderful creation—for its gift of life, for all of the beauty in which it is clothed, for all of the delight that it brings to our lives.

Readings: Genesis 1:1-2:4a; Genesis 2:4b-24; Isaiah 42:5-12; 43:11-21; 44:23-24; Job 38-41; Psalms 104; 102:25-27; 33; 74:12-17; Ecclesiasticus, or Sirach (Apocrypha) 42:15-43:33.

— *The Rev. Robert J. Schneider,
St. Luke's, Boone, North
Carolina*

(Bob Schneider is a member of the Episcopal Church's Committee on Science, Technology and Faith, and chairs its subcommittee on Creation.)

Cranmer's Corner

THE POWER OF GOD'S PROMISES

For Thomas Cranmer, God has given human beings the Bible as "a sure, a constant and a perpetual instrument of salvation." Of course, he believed that Scripture is God's authoritative medium to tell human beings the truth about the world around them and the struggles within them: "In these books we may learn to know ourselves, how vile and miserable we be, and also to know God, how good he is of himself and how he communicateth his goodness unto us and to all creatures." Yet, Cranmer also taught that the Bible has an equally important, although all too often overlooked, second function. God's Word is also the means through which he works supernaturally to turn people's hearts to himself and the doing of his will: "[The words of Holy Scripture] have power to convert [our souls] through God's promise and they be effectual

through God's assistance"; "the hearing and keeping of [Scripture] maketh us blessed, sanctifieth us and maketh us holy"; "this Word whosoever is diligent to read and in his heart to print that he readeth, the great affection to the transitory things of this world shall be diminished in him, and the great desire of heavenly things that be therein promised of God shall increase in him."

How does reading the Bible bring about such profound changes in human behavior? For Cranmer, the answer lies in truly understanding how the human heart works. As a Protestant Reformer, he believed that human nature is ruled by whatever rules the human heart. What the heart loves, the will chooses and the mind justifies. On its own, the human heart will naturally love itself more than God and other people. The will then will choose those things which make it feel good, and the mind will finally rationalize what has been done. The only way out of this closed circle of selfish-

ness is to discover a new, stronger, ruling love — a love for God instead of a love for self. Yet God does not force the human will to love him when he brings salvation. How, then, does his saving grace effectually draw people away from an excessive self-love to love for God and his commandments?

The means according to Cranmer is gratitude — the gratitude that can only come from the assurance of salvation. The Holy Spirit working through God's Word assures believers of his freely promised salvation. This assurance, in turn, engenders in them saving faith which calms their turbulent hearts and inflames in them a grateful love in return. This new love for God continually has to fight to restrain human nature's on-going hidden tendency to self-gratification. Nevertheless, because of the renewing work of the Holy Spirit, believers now have the necessary desire and ability to do so. Empowered by the overflowing joy that comes from a heart made thankful

by assurance, believers can at last begin to say no to the deceitful devices and desires of their own self-centeredness and lead a new life of godly service. For Cranmer, the heart of Christianity is a heart transformed by the power of God's promises.

— The Rev. Ashley Null, Visiting Fellow,
Faculty of Divinity, Cambridge University

Chicken in a Blanket

6 ounces cream cheese, softened	1/2 tsp salt
4 Tablespoons butter, melted	1/4 tsp pepper
4 cups chicken, chopped	4 Tablespoons milk
4 Tablespoons minced onion	4 Tablespoons capers
3 packages refrigerated crescent rolls	

Blend cream cheese and butter; add remaining filling ingredients. Leave two rolls together to form rectangle; roll out on a floured surface to form a square. Place 2 to 3 tablespoons of filling in center of each square; bring corners to the middle and pinch together to form a square. Bake at 350 degrees F for 20 minutes. Serves 12.

THE PARISH PAPER, *Church of the Advent,*
Spartanburg, South Carolina

THE FRANCISCAN ORDER OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION, ECUSA, is a traditional, orthodox Religious Order formed to promote the historic Catholic Faith as the Anglican Church received it, closely following in the footsteps and spirit of St. Francis. Inquiries: Men and women called to be a Tertiary of the Third Order, write: Fr. David, OSF, Guardian, 210 Ashantilly St., St. Simons Island, GA 31522.

From the Editor...

VOCATION

If I were to ask you what your vocation is, how would you respond? Likely you would answer: Your job.

Such is the entry given in recent dictionaries, after all, and it fits with American pragmatism and activism.

We have all had that experience at a party where you do not know anyone, and a stranger asks one of the only safe queries: "What do you do?"

Yet something is missing here. The word vocation comes from a Latin root meaning a bidding or an invitation, and it was used for the summoning of a witness to a law court. Seen in this context, vocation is not simply one's job, but the whole of one's life lived before God. The central Scriptural passage is the baptism of Jesus, in which the Father says to the one coming out of the Jordan River: "This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased" (Matthew 3:17).

Our vocation then is who we are as well as what we do, as the beloved children of our heavenly father, who adopts us by his grace to be his own.

The implications of such a theology of vocation are nothing short of revolutionary. In terms of our weekly experience, it means that we do not "go to church." Rather, we go to worship to be sent out to be the church. The real test of our faith in Jesus Christ is who we are on Thursday afternoons and the connection between that lived out life and the gospel.

This means vocation is about more than our job, it is about all we do. Readers of this column have vocations that include as part of God's summons the call to be a husband, wife, parent, lover, prayer, player, friend, steward, community servant, and on and on the list could go. Vocations can change; the spirit blows where He wills (John 3:8). A friend of my parents turned forty whereupon his wife gave him flying lessons for his birthday,

and a new part of his vocation was born.

Our Christian vocation isn't just about all we are and do, but about the connection between that being and doing and the gospel. We are called to "lead a life (a life!) worthy of the calling to which we have been called" (Ephesians 4:1). I remain amazed about the way in which the Holy Scriptures seem to have less and less to say to more and more parts of our lives; it should be vice-versa. It is hard enough to have an effective marriage, but it is quite another thing to have a good Christian marriage. Without the same Holy Spirit that descended on Jesus, we cannot live into such an awesome challenge.

Jesus said that he came to the earth to give "life, and to give it more abundantly" (John 10:10). My prayer for us in this Easter season is that more of the depth of that life may be given to us as we embrace our vocations more fully.

— KSH

BY WILL AND DEED

\$1.25 million to Christ Church School, Greenville, South Carolina, from Robert S. "Tex" Small, Jr. and Robert S. "Bob" Small, Sr. in memory of Thomas Gordon Small, who died in 1953 at the age of three. This was the largest outright gift given in the school's 43-year history. Robert S. "Tex" Small Jr. served on the school's board from 1996 to 2000, the last two years as chairman. Eight members of his family have attended Christ Church Episcopal School and he had at least one child at the school for 25 years straight.

 \$25,000 to St. Paul's, Port Huron, Michigan, from the estate of Jeanne Bottomley and \$2000 from the estate of Joseph Manchester. The Rev. Charles Hoffacker is rector of St. Paul's.

We all long for heaven where God is, but we have it in our power to be in heaven with him right now – to be happy with him at this very moment.

— Mother Teresa of Calcutta



A PRAYER FOR

Iowa

To our hands, Great Pastor of Creation, hast
Thou committed the abounding yield of earth;
grant that as we receive, so may we share that
mantle of brimming nourishment which Thou
hast spread upon the breast of the continent. In
seeds and sowing, in cooling rain and patient
care, in welcome reaping and fallow rest—
Thou dost plant Thy goodness.

Give us also gladness in the blessed land of
Iowa, cradled in fertility
between her river boundaries;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.



HILLSPEAKING

Kofi ANNAN, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has been much in the public eye of late. Smithsonian magazine carried a feature story on him; AARP's magazine carried an interview; PBS aired a special about him earlier this year. Secretary Annan is from Ghana, and Ghanians are readers of THE ANGLICAN DIGEST and beneficiaries of Operation Pass Along.

On a side wall of the office in the Twin Barns, presided over by Cathy Fetty, our efficient and amiable secretary (whose voice you most often hear when you call SPEAK), are blow-ups of several TAD covers and above them is a stole/banner which reads GREETINGS FROM GHANA. It is a gift from St Cecilia's Anglican Church in Accra — sort of a reverse pass along.

In 2002 we sent 1,104 books, 253 audio tapes, fourteen vestment items, and five videocassettes to churches and individuals in Ghana. All told, 3,615

books, 591 vestment items, 416 audio tapes, and nine video-cassettes were sent to Third World countries during 2002.

Statistics are one thing. Quite another are the letters and prayers and benedictions that come to Hillspeak in response to the books and other items we send overseas. There is no formal job description for the Trustees' Warden; fortunately by happenstance it includes overseeing Operation Pass Along. The correspondence that has developed (an arch-deacon in Africa addresses me as "Grandpa"; the daughter of a priest in the Philippines invites me to her wedding; the daughter of a priest in India writes about her father's death and thanks me for the little we have done for him) makes whatever chore there might be in receiving, listing, shelving, and then selecting and sending items to these countries a very easy task indeed.

— *The Trustees' Warden*

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where he hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

O how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One.
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For his people's sin chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till his spirit he resigned.

Jesus, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion
Fount of love, Redeemer kind
That my heart fresh ardour gaining
And a purer love attaining
May with thee acceptance find.



ABOUT the hymn...

The Stabat Mater Dolorosa is generally thought to date from the 13th century. These lines, a fraction of the existent translations of twenty or so verses, have appeared in the Episcopal Hymnal since at least 1892 although the words were changed somewhat in the most recent Hymnal 1982. Attribution of the poem, thought to be Franciscan in nature, is vague. The top contenders are Pope Innocent II and Jacopone da Todi, a Fransican. Since the 18th century, the hymn has enjoyed acceptance in the Church and is an essential part of worship for Holy Week for many.

Could you not watch with me one hour?

One of the most difficult and sacred tasks a person can do is to accompany someone through a time of crisis. It might involve going to the doctor to hear the report of the biopsy. It might mean taking a friend to chemotherapy and then providing simple foods for the days afterwards. Or it could mean sitting with a child whose favorite pet has been hit by a car.

What can you say to the man whose wife has died? Or to the woman whose husband has beaten her once again? Or to the child whose parents have gone through a heated divorce and who constantly belittle each other in front of the child?

What can you say when a friend has lost a job? Or a young person suffers their first betrayal by a friend? Or when someone's home has been burglarized?

We want so badly to say something that will make things better. We may have gone through similar trials and want to assure the other that this too will pass, that there is life on the other side of this desert. We want to take them in our arms and tell them everything will be all right.

We want to make it "all better" but, most of the time, we can't.

What we can do is watch with them one hour. That is, we can give the gift of presence. We can let them know in little ways that they are not alone, that we are there for them, that we hold them in our hearts and prayers. In some immeasurable way, that may give them the strength they need for the next minute, the next hour, the next day. And one day at a time, God will lead them through the desert and into the promised land.

Jesus asked his disciples to watch with him one hour in the garden of Gethsemane. They fell asleep. Most of them abandoned him totally when the soldiers came. Yet a few of the women and the beloved disciple stayed with Jesus to the end, to his death on the cross. In some small way, I believe, their steadfastness made a difference.

Nothing is more sacred than to accompany someone through a crisis. Sit in silent prayer for one hour on Maundy Thursday night and

into Good Friday morning. Jesus says to each one of us, "Watch with me one hour," not only on Maundy Thursday, but also with every friend in crisis.

- *The Rev. Dr. Fran Stanford,
Catoctin Parish,
Thurmont, Maryland*

HEART of GOD

There was a hill outside a city wall, on which once a man laid down His life for His friends. Whatever else happened on that hill, the heart of God was there revealed, broken open for man to see within it: and all there was in it was love, love, love. And from that heart of God, through the Cross of Christ, that love has ever since poured out in forgiveness. It is a glorious thing to take another human soul right up under the shadow of the cross and let that love and forgiveness steal down over it with peace and healing and restoration. Christ must and will do His own work, if we will but lead people there, and leave them with Him.

-*The Rev. Samuel M. Shoemaker*

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Apostolicity and Unity: Essays on the Porvoo Common Statement, edited by Ola Tjorhom, professor of dogmatics and ecumenical theology, School of Mission and Theology, Stavanger, Norway; foreword by K. H. Hammar, Archbishop of Uppsala, and David Hope, Archbishop of York.

This book explores the purpose and potential of the Porvoo Common Statement, a major ecumenical agreement between the Anglican churches in Great Britain and Ireland and the Lutheran churches in the Nordic and Baltic regions. Porvoo is the European parallel to the "Called to Common Mission" statement arising out of the Episcopal-Lutheran dialogues in the United States. **Item E594T** (softbound, 271 pp, contributors) \$30

**Apostolicity
and Unity**



Ola Tjorhom

Leaven for Our Lives: Conversations about Bread, Companionship, and Faith—with Recipes, by Alice L. Downs, priest-in-charge of St Mark's Church, Keansburg, New Jersey, who holds a Diplome du Boulanger from the French Culinary Institute in New York.

See the review in "We Recommend," page 48 of this issue of *The Anglican Digest*.

• • •

Welcome to Sunday: An Introduction to Worship in the Episcopal Church, by Christopher L. Webber, an Episcopal priest who has served inner-city, suburban, rural and overseas parishes.



The perfect book for newcomers who are often confused by the worship service, this book is also an excellent book for those who have been sitting in the pews without fully understanding what happens on Sunday morning. Webber takes readers from the sidewalk outside the church, guides them through the service, and sends them out again when the service is over.

Item M035T (softbound, 128 pp) \$11.95

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AND IN ALL PLACES



✠ **BISHOP JAMES STANTON** of the Diocese of Dallas led a service celebrating the new Episcopal track at Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University. The addition makes Perkins the second Episcopal seminary in Texas that people wishing to join the Episcopalian priesthood can attend for training. For more information, contact the Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Schmidt at Perkins (1-888-843-65649) or visit Perkins' web site at www.smu.edu/theology

✠ **THE REV. DR. JEAN SMITH** is the new Executive Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York & New Jersey. The first woman to lead the 169-year-old maritime institution, Dr. Smith will be responsible for the largest independent maritime-oriented non-profit in North America. For more information about this important ministry, visit www.seamenschurch.org.

✠ **A NEW WEB SITE,** www.geocities.com/anglicancathedrals, has been launched to encourage Anglican friendship across the Communion, with a particular focus on Cathedrals. It is hoped this web site will raise the profile and encourage an appreciation of Anglican Cathedrals across the globe.

✠ **THREE WOMEN WERE AMONG 16 PEOPLE ORDAINED** as priests in Nairobi by the Rt. Rev. Julius Katoi Kalu, bishop of Mombasa, Anglican Church of Kenya. The three women are the first to be ordained priests in the Coast Province. They previously served as deacons.

✠ **OPERATION PASS ALONG** thanks the kind person who anonymously left ten books in a brown paper bag on our secretary's desk. He or she will be glad to know that most of them were sent to Ghana in West Africa and one was added to the holdings of the Foland Library.

◆ SAINT ANNE's, Crystal River, Florida shared in the profession of vows by the Sisters of the Society of the Servants of our Lord. 133 persons witnessed Sister Anne Rose, OSB and Sister Sarah Anna, OSB profess Life Vows in a traditional monastic ceremony. Sister Catherine, OSB made her first Annual Vow as a professed sister. The ceremony was followed by the Holy Eucharist, and reception in the Parish Hall.

◆ THE REV. GREGORY KENNETH CAMERON, Chaplain to Dr Rowan Williams when he was Archbishop of Wales, has been appointed the Director of Ecumenical Affairs and Studies in the Anglican Communion Office in succession to the Rt. Rev. David Hamid who was consecrated in October, 2002, as the Suffragan Bishop in Europe.

◆ MAKES THE HEART SAD — St. Jude's, Franklin, New Hampshire, closed after 103 years. The Diocese of New Hampshire closed the parish due to dwindling numbers, a

tight budget and the presence nearby of other, larger churches. The church, originally the town's library, can hold about 90 people but fewer than 20 attended regularly over the last few years.

◆ THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC, for the first time in its history, conducted an ecclesiastical court to try a retired priest for "contemptuous and disrespectful conduct towards the bishop." The Rev. Keith Perry-Gore was charged because of remarks he made comparing the bishop, Bruce Stavert, to Adolf Hitler, in a letter Mr. Perry-Gore wrote to the bishop last September.

◆ COOL WEB SITE: After retiring as a Bible teacher for 20 years, Episcopal lay woman, Jeani Hardin put her updated study notes on line as HI-LIGHTS OF THE BIBLE. The site is www.inhiswill.us

◆ OUR COVER, Christ Praying in the Garden, is from the early 16th century Venetian painter, Marco Basaiti.

◆ ANGLICAN & EPISCOPAL CHURCH INTERIORS, a slide show by The Very Rev. Paul Zahl (as described in the Advent 2002 ANGLICAN DIGEST) is now available on the web. Using Internet Explorer, visit the cathedral web site and follow the link at www.adventbirmingham.org

◆ THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH launched the country's first color-in communion book, to let children scribble and scrawl their way through a service. It takes children through the words of a normal Sunday morning service, and illustrates key moments in the ceremony with bright, multi-colored illustrations. Children can color in pictures through the book and take part in the service by writing in special notes after prayers and communion. During the sermon, the book advises young worshippers to listen closely if the preacher is talking specifically to the children. But if the sermon is aimed at the adults, it gives a list of other things to do, including drawing a picture of that day's

Bible story on a blank page opposite. Each page is printed on special paper, to let young artists erase their work and start again fresh every Sunday.

◆ VIRGINIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY and the Historical Society recently entered into an agreement that designates the Seminary's Bishop Payne Library as home for the African American Historical Collection of the Episcopal Church. The African American Episcopal Collection is a newly created archival project that will be a historical collection, composed of various media (oral history, documents, institutional records, photographs) chronicling the lives and experiences of African American Episcopalian.

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SHAPING THE CHURCH

When one walks into a busy church it is often easy to see oneself as a mere witness to all that is happening. Worship is a prime example. Sitting in the pews, especially if their alignment is mindful of a classroom or theater, the impression is that we are there to watch something unfold before our eyes. While in one sense we are, we can also easily gloss over the fact that we are in worship more as *participants* rather than as *observers*. After all, the word "liturgy" in its historic sense really means "works of the people." It is what we as God's people offer. The reality is that God is the Witness, the One who watches and hears our offering of glory and praise in the name of our Lord.

This sense of being *participants* also extends to all that we do, whether it is as a teacher, chalice bearer, Eucharistic minister taking communion to our shut-ins, collecting food for the food pantry, volunteering at our hospitality desk or whatever. But

more than that, what we do is of great importance in how we are shaped as a church.

Imagine going to an art museum. The building, and probably most of the art, was provided for your enjoyment and betterment by those with the gift of giving. If the donor names are on the sign out front, they know you won't be thinking about them as you ponder the art. You walk past a security guard who casually keeps his eye on you and doesn't ask you to keep your eye on him. Maybe you join a group with a docent who tells you about the paintings. She calls your attention to the art, not to her speech. The paint-



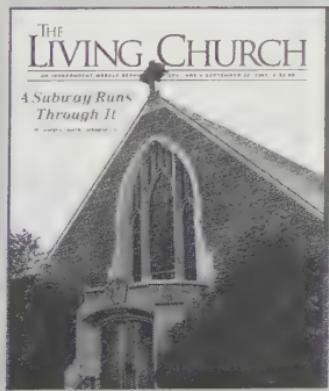
ings are framed by craftsmen who get no credit but without whom each piece would look unfinished. The artists are sometimes famous, but usually after they are dead. Yet even they want you to see something about God or the world that you wouldn't otherwise see. All these — donors, guards, docents, framers and artists — work together to shape something way bigger than themselves. Thus, in our worship and in the giving from ourselves we offer who

we are to Someone much grander in our scope and imaginings in the hope that we might be shaped more and more into the image of Christ.

A church is shaped by the Spirit of Jesus when all the bodies in the whole body of Christ humbly offer up their lives as a gift to God to the world. It takes sacrifice to get the kind of body shaping that honors God.

— The Rev. Dr. Craig Kallio, St. Stephen's, Oak Ridge, Tennessee

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WE RECOMMEND

Leaven for Our Lives: Conversations about bread, companionship, and faith – with recipes by Alice L. Downs (Cowley). To paraphrase Nathaniel, can any thing good come out of New Jersey? Absolutely! *Leaven for Our Lives* is a delightful blend of a personal journey, a testimony to the power of hope found in the simplest of gifts, and a guide to bread making. Alice Downs, an Episcopal priest, captures the sensuality and spirituality of one of the most enduring of human endeavors, while inviting her readers into a craft which by its nature joins people of all cultures and walks of life. Since this reviewer regularly plunges his hands into the flour there is an obvious prejudice.



But no matter how skilled one is in the art of baking bread, there is always another insight, another tidbit of learning, another soul expanding experience to be found in *Leaven for Our Lives*. Available from the Anglican Bookstore (see pp. 41-42) as **Item C203, \$14.95.**

The Vicar of Afton by Jim Brewster (iUniverse). The over-worked Rev. Samuel Adams is immersed in the needs of his Chesapeake Bay parish and is forced by his Bishop to take an assistant. She turns out to be a bright, attractive young woman who brings with her a turbulent emotional life. The story is told through the eyes of a very human priest who is not swayed by what he considers meaningless convention. The joy and sorrow that his assistant brings into his life and parish gives Sam a much deeper understanding of his role as a faithful servant in the vineyard. The author is the son of an Episcopal priest.



The story is fictional but offers a lively glimpse into parish life from inside the rectory. A good read. The author has also written the highly readable *Silver Star* which treats issues of racial bigotry against the backdrop of war, redemption, and reconciliation. Look for these books in most bookstores or order from the publisher online at www.iuniverse.com.



Vestments for All Seasons by Barbara Dee Baumgarten (Morehouse). Vestments — the robes, stoles or other items worn by clergy, or cloths used at the altar — not only add beauty to a worship service, but are visual clues to the liturgical season and to the tone of a particular service. The most beautiful and meaningful vestments are often those made for a particular priest, serving in a specific sanctuary. But many shy away

from trying to sew vestments, which seem too complicated and difficult to make. In *Vestments for all Seasons*, Barbara Baumgarten demystifies the making of vestments — from designing and fitting patterns, to fabric and color selection, to putting on the finishing touches. She provides patterns and directions for producing special vestments for Advent and Lent, Easter, and Pentecost, and general instructions for designing and making vestments completely from scratch. A history of the development of vestments from Roman times to the present is included, as well as a full glossary describing the various vestments worn by clergy.

Barbara Dee Baumgarten is an artist and author who enjoys exploring the relationship between art and theology. She holds a Ph.D. in Theology and the Arts, and designs and makes vestments and banners for others. She is also author of *Teach Us to Number Our Days: A Liturgical Advent Calendar*. She lives in Kalispell, Montana. Order from the Anglican Bookstore (see pp. 41-42) as Item M060, \$17.95.



DEATHS



✠ JOHN KEMPER CANON, 69, in Fort Meyers, Florida. Mr. Canon served as deputy to the General Convention from the Diocese of Michigan from 1976 to 1991, parliamentarian of the House of Deputies from 1979 to 2000, and chancellor to the president of the House of Deputies from 1994. He served on the Joint Nominating Committee for the Election of the Presiding Bishop as well as on numerous oversight committees. He chaired the board of the Church Pension Fund.

✠ THE REV. CHARLES FRANCIS EHLY, 88, in Yarmouthport, Massachusetts. Ordained in 1942, he served parishes in Pennsylvania until his retirement in 1977. Fr. Ehly lived in North Truro and Yarmouthport following his retirement.

✠ THE REV. DONALD JAMES GARDNER, 92, in New Milford, Connecticut. He served as Curate at Christ Church, Manhasset, New

York, Rector of St. John's, Brooklyn, and Rector of St. Barnabas, Ardsley. He was Pastor Emeritus of St Paul's, Brookfield, Connecticut. Fr. Gardner loved life and lived it to the fullest. He enjoyed people, travel, and had a longing for adventure.

✠ THE REV. P. WALTER HENCKELL, 96, at St. James House, Baytown, Texas. He served as the rector of Trinity Church in Baytown from 1939 to 1972 and spent more than 60 years serving the community. Two years after his retirement in Baytown, Fr. Henckell became the priest in charge at Trinity in Anahuac, where he served until 1989. He served on the Lee College Foundation Board of Trustees and was also a co-founder of St. James House.

✠ THE REV. DOVIE HUTCHINSON, 88, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was among the first women ordained in Utah, serving as priest at Church of the Resurrection,

Bountiful, in June 1988. She was diocesan ecumenical officer and represented the Diocese of Utah at national conferences on Christian unity.

✠ THE RT. REV. DONALD NESTOR, 64, in Durham, England. He was a Suffragan bishop in the South African Diocese of Lesotho from 1979 to 1992 and on his return to England served as an assistant bishop, first in the Diocese of Blackburn, then at Durham. From 1974, Bishop Nestor was Warden of the Diocesan Seminary, responsible for training a new generation of priests to take over leadership of the Church in South Africa. His election to the Suffragan bishopric in 1979 enabled an African diocesan bishop to be appointed. In 2001 Nestor moved to Durham to join, under temporary vows, the monastic Society of the Sacred Mission at St. Anthony's Priory.

✠ *May they rest in peace and rise in glory.* ✠



REMEMBER TAD IN YOUR WILL

You can help the ministries of the Episcopal Book Club, The Anglican Digest, Operation Pass Along, The Anglican Bookstore and The Howard Lane Foland Library by remembering us in your will. You may do so by using the following wording:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Society for Promoting and Encouraging Arts and Knowledge of the Church (SPEAK), a not-for-profit corporation, with the present address of 805 County Road 102, Eureka Springs, AR 72632-9705 and its successor, the greater of \$_____, or _____ percentage of my gross estate, to be used in such manner as determined by its trustees."

ELIJAH

I, even I only, am left a prophet of the LORD; while Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men (1 Kings 18:22)

Jezebel sent a messenger to Elijah "So may the gods do to me, and more also, if I do not make your life as the life of one of them by tomorrow." Then he was afraid ... and he left his servant ... and he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness ... and he asked that he might die (19:2-4)

And after the fire, a still small voice (19:12)

If we wanted to watch a spiritual muscle man - we would need look no further than Elijah. And if we wanted an example of being a leader at a difficult time, Elijah is again our man. If we thought bad bishops and bad teaching and itchy ears were threats in our day, we will now have to take a humility pill. Get a reality check.

The land is overrun with false prophets and bogus religion. No one has yet mastered the god-is-everywhere and

all-religions-are-one game quite like the worshippers of Baal. Here was a one-size-fits-all-religion and it dominated the spirituality marketplace. Elijah is a purist and a take-no-prisoners-guy and he is isolated. Yet he does not go into hiding, but indeed takes the fight to them. It is an away game without analogy.

And in this time of hardship; our man is a success. He is a man of prayer. A man of healing. A man who can work with sparse resources at big tasks. A man unafraid of those with power, who are ruthless with its use and misuse. A man who can smell slippery slopes and spiritual compromise at great distance, and one whose moral compass is matched by his daily resolve. It is not a matter of concern that he alone is left. He actually pays tribute to this fact in his contest with the religious leaders of his day, "I, even I only, am left as a prophet of the LORD, while four hundred and fifty are the prophets of Baal."

It comes as no surprise to those who fight such battles

that it all turns on them. And rightly so. In this case, it did indeed. And alone, armed only with the power of One God of Israel, Elijah was victorious. There would even be appropriate time for spiking it in the end zone that day. Something that for most of us, we shall have to wait until the feast with the Lamb to enjoy.

I think it is important to keep in mind that certain spiritual battles are really this sharp-edged. A time to say that the two views before us are mutually corrosive and excluding, cannot be squared, cannot be resolved by recourse to a deeper place. This may be infrequent, and human sin may seek to make charity a stranger to godly compromise in Christ. But there are also times when the difficulties we face as a church will only go away when God himself acts, in time, and one view of the matter emerges as a view he can endorse and claim as his own, and none other.

Such was a time for our man Elijah.

But we need to stay with the matter longer and look

inside it, as does our narrator. Elijah's victory is such, that the sheer zeal conveyed by God's verdict caused him to run like the wind before Ahab's chariot a full seventeen miles. "Ain't no stoppin' us now" is the theme music to chapter 18 of 1 Kings.

But then the muscle man finds a blank space in his spirit. He is the only one left, all right, and the target on his forehead feels big enough to fill the universe. What has gone wrong, that he is now threatened by a Jezebel who claims power from the very gods he just defeated? His life has always been under threat, and up to now, he has experienced nothing but the sheer pleasure of God's power in God's service. God has gone away for our muscle man, and now he is the only one there is, he is the only one there. I can feel the cold chill come upon him as the narrator reports in simple prose: he was afraid, and he arose, and went for his life. God has gone away; so wisely, Elijah goes to find him.

Being a leader at a difficult time means having to get our

priorities straight with God. It means confessing our own moral failures and compromises, so that we might see clearly in the fog bank welling up around us. It means asking God to be clear with us about who he is. It means accepting that we are not all Christ wants us to be, and asking for that to change, for his sake and for our own. Inside the power realized from such a time of testing, we may begin to make genuine progress. We may feel the power of God's yes, when we stick our neck out in a difficult situation. But we will never reach a point where God will not or cannot stand back, if he wants to teach us to trust him in some other way we had not foreseen. To be a leader at a difficult time is to throw our lot in with God, for his sake, and this means coming up against the rock face of fear, when we discover he is truly all we've got.

So Elijah is right to go in search of God, because God wants to be found in a new place in Elijah's life, and that means getting out of the fray.

outside, and into the inside fray.

So what happens? He, who had done the miracle of feeding, must be taught to be fed that way himself. "An angel touched him and said, 'arise and eat'" (19:5). How humbling that was can only be sensed when we realize it felt like a scene of death for our man Elijah. And when the food had done its proper good for this day, Elijah is told he will go now on a great journey, and funny thing it is, it is a journey to the Great Mountain itself, where the prophets all came from to begin with.

God lets Elijah tell the sort of pained story we tell God when we are lost and need him, and he lets him tell it again. Sometimes he lets us tell it many times. "I alone am left." But one time, we like Elijah, are meant to get it. That God speaks in the power of his presence, and in the ways he means for us to feel that power and know him in it. But he also has a way to speak to us that we have never known before, and he means to be heard on those terms.

Only then, when we repeat our pained account, does his answer come, because he has brought us to a place where we can hear him at last.

He does not dispute that Elijah is alone, but he provides a means for that to cease being a matter of fear. The same battles will be there when he returns. He will still be called upon to fight them. Indeed, he will fight and then hand the battle over to yet another man, whose name sounds a lot like his own. And when the dust settles, it will turn out that those who keep faith in the Lord are indeed 7000. And it will be that way because God says so, and because he has found a special way to speak to Elijah and encourage him, a way that came in the midst of struggle and fear, and precisely because it was a difficult time of judgment.

It might be possible in times of hardship, such as we are now facing as a church body, to believe that if we do what we believe is right and true in his eyes, we can count on his showing us that it is so and we are right to battle on

as we do — often through times of real hardship and sacrifice, and not just when we run that thrilling 17 miler in front of our foes.

But the victory will never consist in that. God does not simply use us to second His vote down here in his battles, and then reward us for that. He demands that we learn through fear that he is our personal support and voice, before he is anything out there on a battle field where we fight for him. That is because we never fight for God as we might fight for a coach or a team or an outcome we judge to be right. If we think that way he will show up with the surest signs of victory and power — earthquakes, fire, wind — and He will show these to us in all their maximal clarity, and then pass by.

What we are seeking in this difficult time in the church is another voice, a voice where God is fully present, but which we can only learn to hear when we stop thinking we are in a fight where God needs us more than we need

him. If He has to turn the volume down so low that we simply cannot recognize how this could be a way for him to speak, then that is what he will do. We have his still small voice's word on it.

I suspect this is a good time to talk about being humbled by the things we are good at for God; to consider the places we are most sure we are getting a result which pleases God; but which, perhaps by its very success, at a difficult time in our church, has begun to feel like it is more up to us than to him, and which requires him to speak a fresh word of encouragement, with a voice we just don't hear all the time. Perhaps you have heard that voice, like Elijah, the hard way, the only way. Perhaps that voice is the one you are on a journey to hear, and are being taught to get ready to hear by some miraculous feeding. Or perhaps it is a voice you are not sure you are entitled to hear, because the isolation or daily grind has become more familiar than hoping for something else.

There is one final thing I take away from this story. It is never possible to define our Christian walk merely over against something. Over against the world, over against Baal worship, over against our opponents, over against Christians we judge to be wrong or to be weaker strategists than ourselves. And that is a danger in our difficult time: that defining who we are in the battle is a matter of spotting weakness and error in others. Elijah never gets away with that. God is who he is, on behalf of us, but within our Israel of faith. So, after Elijah hears that small voice, he also hears that there are 7000 out there he did not know about. 7000. That must have been a touch sobering for the man who said so often, in victory and in fear, "Am I the only one left who is getting it right?"

— *The Rev. Dr. Christopher Seitz*

[From a series of addresses entitled *Being a Priest at a Difficult Time in the Church* presented to the Clergy Conference of the Diocese of South Carolina. Dr. Seitz is Professor of Old Testament and Theological Studies, University of St. Andrews, Scotland.]

JUBILEE MEMORIAL

"You will declare this fiftieth year sacred. This is to be a jubilee..." Leviticus 25:10

In 2003 the EPISCOPAL BOOK CLUB, founded in Nevada, Missouri, in 1953, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. As the bellwether of all the ministries at Hillspeak — THE ANGLICAN DIGEST, Operation Pass Along, The Anglican Bookstore, The Howard Lane Foland Library — its anniversary celebrates all that is Hillspeak.



To mark this Jubilee Year at Hillspeak a Memorial, surrounding the Foland Memorial in Trinity Park, will be built. It will be made of incised memorial bricks bearing the names of those who support the memorial — and Hillspeak.

The bricks will be arranged to form a platform outward from the base of the cross. The platform will provide an area where outdoor services such as Easter Sunrise, weddings, etc. can be held.

Jaraoslav Pelikan once said, "Tradition is the living faith of the dead; traditionalism is the dead faith of the living." Placing a name on one of these bricks can enable you to begin a tradition, or to continue a tradition of your family or your parish family. The names engraved on the bricks can be those of someone you wish to be memorialized, honored, or

acknowledged. A parish might wish to sign up for bricks to memorialize those who have served in the parish. Individuals may also wish to place their own name on a brick to become a part of this memorial.

You can have a positive influence at Hillspeak and leave a lasting memory. Make a \$100 contribution and your name, or the name of someone you would like to have memorialized, honored or acknowledged, will be engraved in a brick — for a sample, see the back cover. The memorial may contain three lines with up to 14 characters (including spaces) per line. This stone will become a permanent marker in Trinity Memorial Park.

The difference between your contribution and the cost of the memorial will be used to increase the endowment fund, helping to ensure that Hillspeak is able to continue its service to the Church for the next 50 years. Thanks to you, our tradition will live on.

To place an order, use the form on the wrapper or contact the General Manager, Mr. Tom Walker, if you have questions or wish to place an order by telephone. He may be reached at 479-253-9701 weekdays from 8 AM until 4 PM, Central Time.



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EULOGY FOR CHRISTEN

Christen White Cranford was diagnosed with Primary Pulmonary Hypertension during her last semester at the University of Tennessee in 2000. She died of heart failure in Nashville on November 3, 2002. This is the eulogy preached at her funeral in Macon, Georgia by her father.

Over the past few days several people have asked me and Christen's mother how she came to be named and why her name is spelled the way it is. Yesterday I had an opportunity to hear Jodi's version and was so pleased to hear that it squared exactly with my own. We named her Christen — with a "Ch" and not a "K" — so that every time she saw her name or wrote it or said it or heard it, she would be reminded of Jesus Christ — her friend and brother. We told Christen this from the time she was a little girl and I believe it was imprinted upon her mind and heart. She knew Jesus as a friend and not as a stranger.

I want to tell a story that

happened to Christen when she was 15. This event was a powerfully mysterious one and we talked about it many times over the years. I believe that Christen eventually came to believe that her initial conclusion about what happened was correct.

Just after Christmas we spent a day in New York City shopping, having dinner, and going to a Broadway show. This day was bitterly cold and windy and Chris was wearing her favorite winter coat — a dressy black and white checkered one. While we were shopping I bought her a parka and she put her long woolen coat in a large shopping bag.

As we walked we came to an intersection where on the pavement sat a young woman with a cup asking for money. She was very thin and was only wearing jeans and a light cotton sweater that hung down over one shoulder revealing that her brown skin was nearly gray from the cold. I reached into my pocket and pulled out some folding money and coins. I dropped them into her cup and proceeded to cross the street

with Christen. But when we reached the other side, Christen stopped me and said, "Dad, we have to do something for her."

"What would you like to do?" I asked.

"I want to give her my coat."

"Your favorite coat?"

"Dad! She needs it more than I do and, anyway, I've got two coats!" She said this with all of the "I can't believe you're so stupid" tone that some teenage girls reserve only for their fathers.

"Okay, let's go," I said, and we crossed back to the other corner where Christen helped the young woman put her coat on. Thinking we were finished I turned to cross the street again but Christen stopped me and said, "Dad, she's hungry too."

"Right! Okay, I'll go in that deli and get something. You stay here and keep an eye on her in case she moves off and I'll be right back."

I managed to find some hot soup and bread in the deli and returned to the corner in less than five minutes to find that the woman was no longer there.

"Christen, where is she?"

"She's gone — disappeared!"

"What do you mean disappeared? Didn't you watch her?"

"Yes! I only looked over my shoulder for a split second to see if you were coming and when I turned back she was gone. I went to the corner and looked up and down the street and across the street, but I couldn't see her anywhere. She just disappeared!"

So we walked on and as we did I asked Christen, "Who do you think that was?"

"How would I know?" she answered.

"Do you remember in the gospel where Jesus says 'Whatever you do to the least of my brothers and sisters, you do for me'?"

"So, you're telling me I just gave my coat to Jesus?" I shrugged my shoulders and walked on carrying the hot soup and bread. Christen looked at the ground pensively without saying anything more. We soon came upon another homeless person sitting against a building. Christen took the bag of food from me, flashed the guy one

of her million-dollar smiles, and gave him the soup and bread.

As we went on our way Christen turned her head to me and matter-of-factly said without a trace of irony, "There he is again!"

As we talked about this over the years, I think Christen came to believe that she really had given her coat to Jesus and then, ten minutes later, had given food to Jesus. Many times she tried to puzzle out where the woman had gone and to explain why she could not see her when she had only turned her head away for half a second, but she was unable. She became convinced that something extraordinary had happened to her which she could not explain in human terms.

Like her friend Jesus, Christen heard the news that she would die early on a Friday morning and for a while it seemed that she would die that same day. It was All Saints' Day, and I thought to myself that if it had to happen, that would be a fine day to die. When the next day came, All Souls' Day, she

was weaker and in great pain and death seemed imminent, especially as the afternoon wore into the evening. And again I thought, All Souls' Day would be a fine day to die. But, as always, Christen didn't do things the way I thought would be fine. And, as often was the case, her way was better than mine. She died just after midnight on Sunday morning, the day every week when we remember the Resurrection of Jesus and the promise that holds for each of us for our own resurrection. Sunday, indeed, is the finest day to die.

So, I have a notion — a fantasy, if you like — that when Christen came face to face with her friend and brother Jesus, he said to her, "Welcome home, my sweet child! Enjoy all the good things I have prepared for you. Have something to eat. Take a swim. Enjoy it all." And then, so it pleases me to believe, Jesus said "And, hey! Christen! Thanks for the nice coat!"

— *The Rev. Dr. Stephen L. White, Chaplain, The Episcopal Church at Princeton University*

ONCE IN AWHILE

-a response to experiencing the Risen Lord



Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

Once in while you encounter
the Stranger, the One who
knows what really happened.
You speak to the One who
was mocked and scourged.
You speak to the One who
was nailed to the cross,
abandoned by friends,
forsaken by God.

You speak to the One who
knows death.

You tell the Stranger what
happened
and

this Stranger already knows.

Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

You speak to the One who
already knows,
already knows beyond the
surface,
already knows the secrets of
your soul,
already knows your
shapeless sorrow
already knows your
fathomless fatigue.
already knows your
deepening depression,
already knows defeat.

This Stranger already knows.
And once in awhile
you know that He knows.

Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

You speak to the Stranger
who knows your needs.
He knows your need to be
heard and healed,
and knows your need for
calm and comfort,
and knows your need to be
forgiven and forgiving
and knows your need to love
and to be loved.

This Stranger knows your
need to be known.

This Stranger already knows.
And once in awhile you

receive because
once in awhile you are able.

Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

Faint but firm in a mystery
moment.

You know the One who
knows.

You know the broken bread
cupped in trembling,
trembling, trembling hands.
"This is my body broken for
you."

Once in awhile you hear Him
because
once in awhile you are able.

You know poured out wine
on life's parched lips.

"This is my blood, poured
out for you."

Once in awhile you hear Him
because
once in awhile you are able.

Doubt and fear are shattered
in that sacramental moment

And then once in awhile
you leave the table to tell
the world.
because

Once in awhile you are able.

Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

Your Stranger goes away.

You say and say and say,
"Stay and stay and stay."
"Follow me, follow me,
follow me."

is His refrain.

And scattering the Spirit,
He blends into the crowd.

And once in awhile
you plunge into that sea,
looking for your Stranger.
because

once in awhile you are able.
Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

Once in awhile you see Him,
in the poor and lonely
in the homeless and the sick,
in the gardener,
in the foreigner,
in the neighbor and
the needy,

In the other.

And once in awhile,
by the grace of God,
you see His face
in every face you see.
because

once in awhile you are able.

Once in awhile you have an
Emmaus.

- *The Rev. Dr. Janet M.
Dunnavant, Rector,
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Lexington, Kentucky*

**HOWARD LANE
FOLAND
1908 - 1989**

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